

GILLIS

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The Great Election

By

James D. Gillis

Author of the "Cape Breton Giant"

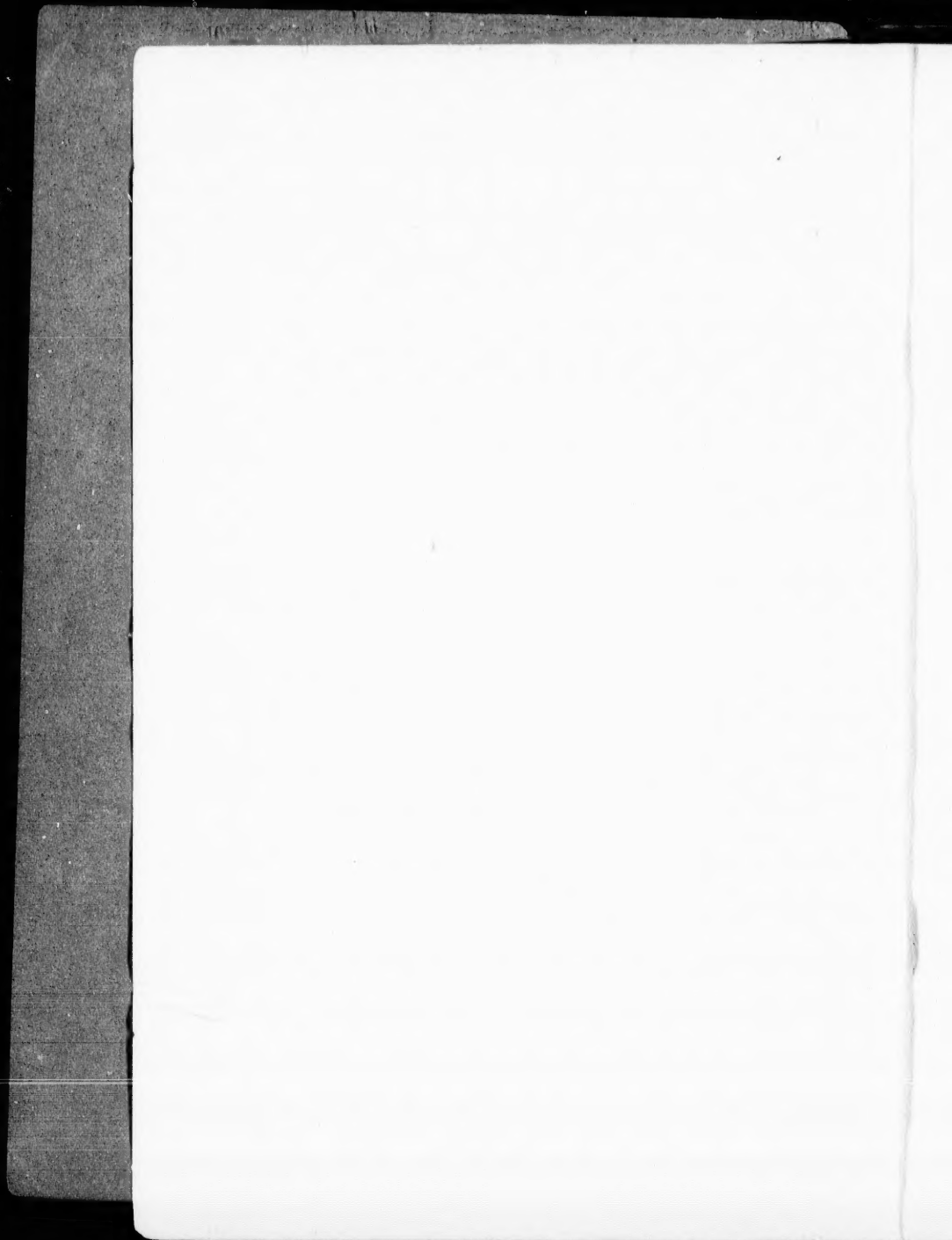


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THE GREAT ELECTION



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By

JAMES D. GILLIS, TEACHER

*Author of the "C. B. Giant"
and Canadian Grammar*

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PREFACE

This book presumes to show a view of Cape Breton about the second quarter of the 19th century. In those days, as now, the opponents of King Hacon had adamantine tempers. They made for peace but difficulties never laid them low.

History and geography hinge on each other. Boundaries and geographical cynosures (or centers) are not constant. These positions are either matters of prestige or convenience. The boundary between England and Scotland, for instance, was once away north of the Cheviot Hills. The boundaries of the United States, of Russia and of the German Empire have undergone changes. In Canada the present generation has seen additions to the north of Manitoba and other provinces. And when we view a graph or map showing the present and the past (if not the future), how eager are we to read the history of the reforms.

Scottish history repeats itself. Inasmuch as the Scotch pursue education, labor, inventions and enterprise, to this extent do they prosper as in bygone centuries. This is true of the Scotchman in Scotland and of the Scotchman in Canada and other lands. The greatest and most fundamental instrument is education. This leads to success on sea and land.

The rebellion of 1745-46, in favor of Charles Stuart was not a national affair. It was not a war between England and Scotland. It was merely a rebellion similar to two or three we have had in Canada. The rebels were punished at the time, but it is a serious mistake to presume that the colonists to Cape Breton about the year 1800 left Scotland on account of a rebellion fifty-four years before. No, they left Scotland without fear or compulsion. They, it is true, did not like the high rents claimed by the bailiff but ere long the same klopstock material appeared in a new guise, the official legion and the duty and tax.

There is one thing that we ought to foster more here, and that is equality. As long as a man is civil and proper be he rich or poor, foreigner, anything, we owe him cheerful respect, courtesy, and his rights. When we come in contact with people it is not wise to grade or judge them.

In this matter it is not necessary to insult persons of proved genius, tact or learning. As we may commend, reward or compliment such without offence to others. Yes, for equality does not imply that we are identically equal, but it does imply that we recognize one another's rights and live moral lives in subordination to nobody.

The Free Masons and others seem to have accomplished a quota for equality. But from some cause or another there are many who can-

not join, then the Orders and the rest of humanity may sometimes doubt the presence of an all-pervading recognition of equality. But, be it said of the Free Masons, they have the noble attribute of a secrecy, which is not formal but a fact, and the lodge dues of the members are not paid by over officious employers, but by the member himself whenever he is good and ready. However, it is in the power of all to cultivate the sense of equality, to presume that the highest in learning, skill and wealth is accessible, that no one, wise or unwise, young or old, rich or poor, is to be prevented from noble efforts towards the greatest success.

The public schools in their interior life have upheld equality. Yet the Boards of Trustees are not always perfectly impartial. This tends to intrude a shallow mercenary feeling into the young which precipitates them into minor affairs and diverts them from the deep exploration both of their own powers and the fathomless recesses of our noble land.

The schools recognized women as fit to teach. Later the colleges recognized them, tho they are a little slow in appointing them professors.

It is strange that often those who are very polite before ladies, and bother others in their excited ado before ladies, it is strange that these and their kind have never done anything for equality. Their seeming ardor is but an impulse which depends entirely on the presence of the ladies and their attitude.

The cause of the suffragettes is good. We want all men and women everywhere. We want women as Members of Parliament, Attendants, Doctors, Lawyers, Lecturers, etc. We want worthy poor men in every position man can fill. This is the spirit of our age. Let the future see that ours was the reform.

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CAPE BRETON

On May 23rd, 1784, Cape Breton Island was pronounced a separate province. On July 7th, 1785, Major Desbarres was appointed President of the island. Before 1784 he had been surveying our shores and harbors.

Sydney harbor into the Spanish Bay was found satisfactory. Hence it followed that it was chosen as a site for a town. It was first proposed to name the building town Pittsburg but finally the name Sydney preferred itself to perpetuate the life of the Hon. Thomas Townshend, Lord Sydney.

With the President, there was a Crown Council, to manage the usual matters referred to Governments. As the latter were not elected by the people, it may be assumed how kindly people were allowed to live.

Between the years 1800 and 1809 2,000 people arrived from Scotland. These wanted an elective Assembly, and this request led to trouble with the Crown Council.

In 1787 President McCormack succeeded Desbarres. McCormack was succeeded by Generals Ogilvie, Murray, Despard, Nepean, Swayne and Ainslie.

The trouble with the Crown Council continued. President Ainslie counselled union with Nova Scotia as the best solution. So in 1820

we raised our hand cordially to greet our kind neighbors across the Strait of Canso. It was, no doubt, a very happy reunion. We were, however, none the worse for our 36 years' separation. We had both many tales to tell. We had both heard of the war of 1812-14, of the European stupidity and dullness on which many military adventurers preyed for many years, on which authors and statesmen thrive. We had tales to tell of our own vast resources.

It is strange that some in speaking of the progress of education butt in with the name of a Doctor of Philosophy, a clergyman, or a Government, or a big schoolhouse. That is a mistake. Usually in every district there is one or more who is good to learn. If these should teach, those who wish to learn will be taught. If they don't, but wait for the scolding and invectives that we read, our schools won't rise.

In momentary glancing over the beginnings of a country the methods used in educating the young is of interest. The teachers of sixty and seventy years ago seem to have been true and good. The Governments, too, lent the usual kindly hand to education. But there were some and not few who became amazingly good scholars without much aid of any kind. There are such yet. Of course the prodigious exertions of Trustees, Inspectors, Governments, etc., etc., will achieve much for the common welfare, but there are some who would qualify themselves and who do so without any of that environ-

ment or expert teaching that one would suppose to be essential. I believe that too much ado about organizations, buildings, etc., divert the minds of young people from the true object of a school. The binomial theorem is lost in contemplating the temperature of the room, the ease of the seats, the theory of Consumption, the future of the Churches, etc., which reveries may be good in their way but they don't enable a person to become an expert in the school branches.

The great President Garfield said "The best University is Prof. Hopkins whatever the building be."

The three essentials for a teacher are justice, knowledge and virtue. Knowledge, that is, superior scholarship is always desirable and an advanced scholar who is not immoral may do more good by silence than a person of piety but without scholarship can do with long lectures of information and reproof.

Much has been taught by the young teachers. Class D's and Permissive License Teachers have achieved much. For often we find these in small or rear sections, whereas, they might be just the best for some of the big or frontal sections. The natural ways of those angels would be a healthful change in the larger schools and any textbook difficulties might be referred to educational newspapers by the pupils themselves. This might be succeeded by a term of the austere veteran teacher. Many owe their

education to the Permissive License teacher who would not attend the "cross" teacher's classes at all. The race after the squirrel, the bottle used as a target for the stone, the ride on the raft, yes, these have contributed more to good attendance than the sanitary prisons we call schools. And the teacher who takes a part in these plays with his scholars is doing well for the cause of education.

Nor do I blame the advanced teachers. They are at their post. And some of them are among the world's best living strategists. By self-control, thinking, qualifying, and diligently teaching they accomplish naturally the work of years in a few months. What then? The pupils are kept home, for a while. They have learned enough for a while. They are said to have done well for ones so young. The Inspector then arrives. Well, the school is not entirely satisfactory. The advanced teacher often discovers that much is expected of him and that he must get busy at wiles to please the people rather than devote his whole attention to the actual welfare promotion and eventual success of the scholars.

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THE GREAT ELECTION

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THE GREAT ELECTION

In 1832, there was a celebrated election. The candidates were Mr. Smith of the Sydney Mining Association and Sir William Young. There were three polls, one in Sydney, one in Richmond and one in Cheticamp. Mr. Smith left Sydney and Richmond with a majority. When the supporters of Young saw this, they resorted to stratagem.

After marching triumphantly to Cheticamp they took the initiative in voting and kept edging in. This would assure their votes being polled in time and moreover might occupy the polling day until it was too late for Smith's men.

When Mr. Smith's supporters observed this, with Father MacKechnie at their head, they attacked. Father MacKechnie was struck down and a general melee ensued which lasted until 10 o'clock and thus Smith's men lost their votes. Young was declared elected. A start was then made for Young's open house about six furlongs from the polling-booth. Sir William Young was carried on the shoulders of two stalwarts and was surrounded by 2,000 supporters. They had to pass thru a corduroy road thru a bog and on the other side they espied Smith's supporters about 1,500 strong, and pretty well armed. A halt was made and Young asked what was up. George, brother of Sir William

Young, called out: "Let us head our men; we should be the first to fall today." George took the lead and the men followed. Father Mac-Kechnie saw the boldness of Young's men, and he rushed thru the opposing ranks and implored them not to fire. They opened their ranks and allowed Young's men to pass thru unmolested. The case was taken to the Privy Council and the election declared illegal. Before the next election the island was divided into three counties and at that next election Sir William was elected by acclamation by the whole county of Inverness.

A certain man, John Gillis by name, voted at the three polls. Besides this there were many interesting incidents.

FIRST POET.

Of other days let others sing
Let mine to calm Cape Breton cling
Her doings of the bygone days
The mover of my lowly lays.

SECOND POET.

While you have o'er the footlights bowed
To many a crowd full high endowed
Shall I the question ask tonight
"Are all your stories true and right?"

FIRST POET.

All, true to them who understand
How to seek and find the hidden meaning
The true import of my songs
There may be ray florets infertile
Yet they grace the plant
The harp never spoke a lie
And always pleased
But were all the airs
As all would have them?

SECOND POET.

I loved to sing since time was young
The old, the new and all in song
The Scotch songs I loved them all
Fir Birdie loved them in the hall
Some years ago I knew a lad
Who greeted me with accents glad
But now he's past his thirty-five
Though thankful to be well and alive
He's neither heart nor time to sing
The music of the former sings
But let him chanticleer his own
And singing ne'er will be alone
But sister spirit come relate
What you begun at Murdo's gate
That by cockerow I know it all
Tomorrow night I join the ball.

The first spirit or minstrel relates the rest of
this book.

FIRST MINSTREL

I sing of the days when our fathers were young
When Freedom was waking and passions were
strong
Ye British I greet you extending my hand
Ye Frenchmen we love you affection's the band
In honest Cape Breton no honors shall hold
But what shall obtain as deserts will unfold

The wigwam and cabin unlike have gone by
The cottage, their daughter communes with the
sky

Outgrowing the orchard that once was a shade
Outshining the moon in the ponds of the glade,
Old England I greet thee, thou home of the brave
How often in day dreams I steamed o'er the
waves

To see you fond parent and feel your caresses
The very perception a vict'ry possesses.
A glance at this prospect of fancy will bring
My lingering boat to the home of the King.
King Edward the Seventh, the greatest of
Edwards

King Edward the Seventh, of Edwards the best,
King Edward the noble who never oppressed
A model of peace, a lion in war
With a thought on the near but a thought cast
afar.

O'er the millions that own you their servant and
Lord

King Edward the Seventh that long may you
reign,
Is the wish and the hope in the schoolhouse and
fane;

Is the prayer universal and heard may it be
By Him who remembers the land of the free.

'Mong Sydney scenes my tale begins
Sydney child of the glacier
Nursed by the ocean.

Here thought moves in labor;

And science, in action,
Yet Sydney is free
The pride of the sisters,
Sweet Morien and all
And fair Haligonia
Destains not to call
That timepiece of the heavens' breast
Is fobbed beyond the fading west
The crow and jackdaw seek the nest
That cozy nest in lofty spruce
The nimble swallows too retire
To dream of claypit and of mire
To dream of housewall growing higher;
And cheerful cruise
The dog is panting by the barn
And barks at what he fancies harm
Or deft connives to slumber warm
Behind the stove
By false announcements of the night
Calls the porter to admit
At least, one thru the door.

And thru the busy careful day
The choice of men had ample sway
Tho other thoughts were not denied
Tho other works were duly plied
Yet critics had deserving space
But not the most, nor set the pace,
Surprising how it grew among us
When one or more to us belonging
Are set the common good attending
Well paid and more than half befriending,

That these forget their human rising
And claim that they are far the highest,

That Parliament essential is
And Socialists must bow to this.
What nonsense!

A crowd of men that know their work
Require no foremen's jarring shout
The people pay for what they get
Why pay it on imported coat
No buying railways for the west
Nor selling birthrights to the states
If got from one why pay the other?
Those duties, taxes, all together,
Are nothing but the worst oppression.

Of Statute Laws we have enough
And pardoned criminals are at large
Our mails, our railways and our roads
Our schools and all, we can maintain
We'd rather pay for what we get
Nor welling us to Europe hoar
Nor ruling want we here at all
We'll bridle crime
When crime's no law.
What words are worthy with thy name,
O Britain!
What we speak before or after
Let it be lofty.
Britain, Great Britain
Home of truth
Nurse of Ambition

Attendant of perseverance.
Thyself and posterity,
All, follow lowly the pillar of fire,
Thou art a gorgeous model
To other lands,
Thy sons have sallied forth
—The brisk United States,
Canada, Australia, India
And all
In ancient days
Have seen them on their shores,
Nor cleave they to the ways
Of other scenes and views
Back like transplanted plants
Cabbages for instance
Improve the natural trait
Of independence
And stouter grow and more erect
When each its world of soil
Has found increased,
With greater space between
And greater sunshine rushing in
From partial trends released.
From Sydney to the less Bras d'Or
That arm of gold with sleeve of coal
Bras d'Or an arbor of romance
That broadens soon to vast expanse
To Alba's vale we early come
By Robinson's romantic home
By Gillis Cove that fairy land
Where great MacRitchie lends a hand
MacRitchie joins our cheerful throng

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I woo

And swears to stand by William Young
And Hector viewed the scenes around
Betraying wakened thoughts profound
Says he, You notice my emotion
'Tis not a trifling passing notion
In former days, ah! here was one
The fairest fair since fair began
Rejoiced the mind that thither rose
Rejoiced and calmed to wise repose
Like apple blossom was her health
And dress that gave an added wealth
For arts in dress and changes frequent
The wave of hair, the costume recent
These soothe admire and admired
For change is parent of desire.

He sings a song.

l, r m r d r m f, m r d l,
The wind from the east in the shades of the morn-
ing

l, d l, s, f,
Now fresh from the waves

s, l, d r m r
Is a treat to us all

l, r m r d r m f, m r d l,
But naught would it be to the cheek of the love-
sick

l l l s, f, f, l, l, r m m r
If Misfortune withdrew her beyond his recall.

I wooed one before in the Highlands of Scotland

Where cares there were few
And the future assured
Ambitions prevailed to a sail o'er the ocean
Where changes at last
 Would allay by adieu.

I thought I was gone in the days of arrival
To find that again
We had met with ourselves
And sought just the things that estranged us
 from Europe
And want did obtain
Where was plenty for all.

But a sight of my love set me right in a moment
And now I'm a convert
And so wish you all,
The land of the maple, the fairest in nature
Shall here by my love
Be the throne of my dream.

I love to set out in the breeze of the morning
Where Nature is quiet in mantles of peace
I pass by the home of my love in the valley
The thought is a joy, that your voice will in-
crease.

Full vain were my means and my health to con-
sole me

And vain were those landscapes that bloom to
the air

If I were deprived of my love in the valley
I'd droop to the ground to survive in despair

I dote on the wars as my fathers before me
I dream of promotions that seldom befall,
But martial renown were but feeble to tone me
If you were to fail me, a failure was all.

A damsel met us o'er the way
Who would a weaker crowd dismay
Of French descent, Cape Breton born,
No mild Acadian
Her fathers rejoiced at the booming
Of the evening guns at Louisburg
Loftiest beauty lit her lovely gait
But ah! the fair ones far away
Soon shone upon our dreams
But Angus loved as ne'er before
And there we saw them stand
Both blushing yearning sighing faint
Yet both observing calm restraints
How fair to see an orchard tree
When blossoms bloom or apples bend
How fair to see a grassy field
When dews and perfumes meet and blend
But blank was all compared with her
Who met us o'er the weary way
And were it possible to forget
My fair one in her home serene,
I'd court my future beaux in French
Yet speak this not, nor have it seen.
And blank was all compared with her
To Angus o'er the weary way
She haunts him still attired so gay
Her flaxen hair with wreath and rose

Her Paris dress
I stepped and told her I admired
I joked and cheered her on her path
Indeed I did my courteous part
Whoe'er objected or approved.
And smiling bade her all farewell
And so be she where e'er she dwell.
And Angus sings:—
Tune "Cam ye by Athol?"
Whence comes she brothers, dear,
Little accounts with me
Scotch life and French
Are but dreams if she calls me
Traitor would I be to King and to country
If in her blushes she came to me warmly.
Happy one, happy one
Who will but win thy smile
Leaving two nations' love
Falls to adore you.

Down with the pibroch
Joyless thy rousing sounds
Compared with my darling's
Sweet vocals so balmy
Ne'er shall my knee
Show a curve for my country
If customs and laws
Set the pace for our ardors.

Why should the powers that be
Seek what they oft disowned
Connive to estrange my love

From our wish and our welfare
All should but seek their own
Then leave the rest alone
This is but justice to man
And his charmer.

Why, are you butting in
Statesmen and clergymen
Bent on your friend to win
Lost in your calling?
Mind, that a man my choose
Nor is the right refused
"I shall be one with you"
Whispered by darling.

When we again come back
Bearing the gun and sack,
Nothing indeed we'll lack
Blithe as the morning
There in my cozy cot
She, my forgetmenot,
Will be my happy lot
A lot yet adorning.

WHYCOCOMAGH

In this campaign,
Whycocomagh, hurrah we sight thee
Whose prestige, tale and song adorn,
Whycocomagh garden of romance
The memory of thy children
Harts, MacKinnons, MacDougalls
Campbells, imagination recalls
Learning, trade, adventures,
Hospitality, inspectorates,
African battlefields
And the like
Withal beautiful music
Ah! here the garden of romance
Whose themes the intrinsic charms enhance
For lovelier far than wood and field
The memory of the human yield
Who plied their skills 'mong ridge and dale
Till sunset and the Sydney Mail
Did modify the mental bent
Then talks and swings both highly went
With songs and drives that raise the wind
Far, far, beyond the sordid mind.
But now 'tis past.
Whycocomagh is pleasant still
And may our early dreams fulfil.

Whycocomagh dost thou remember
When the swelling crowds
Moved to and from thee
Pointing north in famous—32.

True were thy sons
Lustrous thy guns
If occasion needed.
Where were the great MacQueens?
Where the MacKenzies?

Onward by Ainslie Lake
Whose waves the pathway shake
On thru the winds they make.
Swift is the pace but sure
Swift as in heather moor
Strides forth the Scottish lad
Doubting at heart but glad

Longs for the party
Longs for the promised dance
O'er the moor's broad expanse
Bounding so smartly.

So were Whycocomagh's men;
Careless tho *Fort du Quesne
Lay in the journey.

Onward to swift Margaree
Greeting in wonted glee
Swearing howe'er it be
Justice and liberty

Must be the conquest.
What counts the race, or name
French, English, all, the same
Naught but our rights we claim.

(*Pronounced Fort du Ken.)

LAKE AINSLIE'S ADDRESS.

You have assembled,
I remember a similar crowd at Edinburgh
'Twas before we left for the continent
To meet the great Napoleon,
He from a diligent pupil
At the schools
In arithmetic skillful
He from scanty means
Grew to fame and wealth,
He a lover of peace
A patron of discoveries, schools,
Churches and arts
From his aptitude for wars
Found himself yearly
In the very crater
Of his millenium's convulsion.
He saw man tire of bond and fetters.
He saw the feebleness of partial redress.
He saw that too often
Freed man falls into error
This all he saw,
Yet, circumstances constrained him
To trend the gloomy war.
Napoleon was no myth

Nor was he without sympathizers
For he cared not for the birth of a man
Nor his paternal means
If he were the stuff
That makes a man.

Not he found in gatherings
Where a dozen or so of men
Seek a platform raised high
And there like parrots speak
Thoughts long prepared
To glue themselves to some petty office
And flatter ladies
With the old rhymes
To the "intelligent ladies"
As they at least then
Call them.
Such transparent vanity
Napoleon had distained
The humble had his rights
The mighty had his fights
Yet Napoleon surely went too far.

But Briton's sons were best to him
For when we saw him vanquished
We snatched him from confusion
And hastened a conclusion
And laid him on Helena's
The good saint's isle to rest
That day at Waterloo
Was like our other days
We did our best.
And lo! the victory
All this recurs to me today
Shall we today have one or more
Dictate to us? No.
We're neither slaves nor mendicants
Over wretched papers called

Applications
Never will we sign receipts for
Money until such time
After 'tis received as we see proper.
We want our rights,
Ports, grants and railways.

MARGAREE.

By lipping wave to fair Margaree
The tread prolonged of all agree
If "out of step" should greet a lad
The leap would heal, if e'er so bad
The columns dense so well commanded
That orders new were rare demanded
The bridges stand the heavy pressure
As if they knew they bore a treasure,
They seemed to slight the torrents under
Saying "on to win or die in cumber."
The fresh ones in the rear were placed
Lest veteran proved ones feel discouraged
And vanguards must be able men
That would be grapple, one to ten,
They must be men of double vision
Who see with coolness and precision
The odds ahead in looks and sort
Believing but twice proved reports.
The judgment must equal the eye
How is but a twin of why.
The marshal seldom said a word

But little of the tread he heard
His work was done except to say
One word if there be an affray
The word was "Fire": Ye gods that word
Were often better thought than heard.

They reach the Outlet, now Scotsville, dine,
dance a reel and press on.

And Broad Cove Intervale is here
With calm Loch Ban your neighbor dear
Me thinks I hear you cross the ford
By Campbell's right with paces boid
O fair Kenlock, and thou wert there
As subtle as the morning air.
And were these beauties then at home
By loch and kirk?
Or did they wester then for change
Of place and work?

SECOND POET INTERPOLATES.

Ah! yes, there were,
In every age
Kenloch and Strathlorne
Graced the stage.
With youth and beauty
Wealth and learning
Prompt to duty;
Victory crowning,
Bonfires burning.

FIRST POET.

But Beauty likes to linger in the past
And also in distant birds of passage
And sometimes graces hew acquaintances
Then dissolves
But now and then we find it
Where expected as in the face
And form of Molly.
Who shall presume to portray
The healthy face?
The rainbow's self
Alone can illustrate the
Variegated congress of Nature's touches
That adorn the form
And face of lovely Molly
As o'er the piano's snow-white keys
Her whiter hands doth glide.

TES.

Her fingers like the Aurora
Playing in a ruby sky.
The western winds caress her
The eastern gales subside
When intoxicated with her breath.

'Tis now I wax so jolly.
O happy hours come often,
Come back, come soon again.
Come to me now in fancy
Realities come, entrance me
Yes, come yourself my dear.

When Upper Margaree is sighted,
Again our doubts are righted,
For in with us they wheel.
The noble John MacFarlane
Of giant mind and arm
The fertile Angus Gillis
And Rory MacDonnell,
And Roderick MacLellan
With many more as willing,
They gaily walk along.
If some were still unlettered,
They knew the trend of farms,
And could respect their betters,
And well abstain from harm
And all were strong and healthy,
While some were somewhat wealthy;

Nor was there one
Who meant not soon

To stand by William Young,
And lovely girls
In pink ado
With costumes swell
Enrich the view.
But one was fairer far,
So Donald thought,
And he sang:—

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

My father leads around our home
He sows, he reaps and thrashes, O,
But lesser sways my life so gay
My living care, the lasses, O.

I'm dutiful to pa and ma
My daily toil, it passes, O,
Its studies hard would miss reward
Were I denied the lasses, O.

My winsome Ellen beats them all
I know not what outclasses, O,
It may be beauty, health or mind
At least, I love the lasses, O.

Her dress so plain, well, not that way
The make my skill surpasses, O,

Translucent of her charms' array,
O gee, I love the lasses, O.

Her voice would metaphor excel,
Her face is ruby flashes, O,
Let others praise the belles of old,
Give me my age's lasses, O.

A Smile for those I never saw.
But Ellen, why, she mashes, O,
The same to me are war and peace
If I may see the lasses, O.
Her hair, a coronet of down,
Brushed high around the dashes, O,
And what she says, is just her way,
My daisy 'mong the lasses, O.

And when he sang his lyric thru,
I pondered on the ways of man.
We hardly judge 'twixt right and wrong,
We often end where we began.
The mutual love of either sex
Is seldom reckoned ere they come
It comes in power virtue decked
And threatens oft the wisest plans
The world is often unprepared
To meet this passion's quick demands.
The soldier sees no battle gained
Tho trophies hang at either hand
If she who met him (who knows where!)
Enlist him not in her command.

North East Margaree pours in to Margaree Forks, and to Margaree by the way of Marsh Brook, those far up the river the great Mac-Kenzies, Murrays, Marples, etc., go the latter way.

The salmon gloats on his vacation
He lords it in the pool
No angler tempts him up
The river wonders at the rest
Along its banks today,
Another Sabbath seems to come
From the Acts of the glorious Apostles
Ah! would the salmon that Peter
Had another dream
That would divert the angler from himself
A Sabbath seems the usual stir
Where whoop of rod and flash of gaff
With male and female voice combined
An almost visible halo filled
The fearless valley. The valley's self
Contracted seems, like one who would
For shelter press,
Still farther in 'mong sheltering hills;
For gone the neighbors are today
The country needs you
The King wills it

Let chopping frolic be
With the dance at its heel
Let quilting party rest for the moment.
Leave the horse race at its pace,

Now the race is face to face,
Leave the wedding, leave the groom
To his Spanish castles gloom
Leave your pet walks 'neath the moon.

The spreading meadows of the Forks
By Golden Grove the Piper played
The airs that toned in Highland glade
Where now sweet Annie named by few
But known of all beneath the rose
She cheers the heart of great and small.

By Margaree Forks, where rivers wed
While softly falls the angler's tread
Meet substitute for fairy dance
That would the Orphic chords enhance
Could Orpheus' touch surpass the sound
Of vocal streams where wealth abounds,
In endless wedding glad and smiling
While softly falls the angler's tread
Meet substitute for fairy dance
And thoughts of pasture scenes beguiling?

O fairest rivers
By your meeting
A prelude true of human union
So may the folks of either river
Rejoice to meet those of the other.

At the Harbor of Margaree
There was revel
When the voters marched along
To the level
To the pretty level plain

Near the ferry
When they did their tent unfold
Sat to supper young and old
There was talking, there was laughing
There was talking, there was cheering
There were songs that charmed the hearing
But now the dance the speaking dance
That speaks when tongue and beauty fail
That speaks the thought with emphasis
As heart and brain prefer to reel
The cruel sun announced the dawn
Long ere they would have off withdrawn
A brief farewell, a council short
We meet the road and waive the fort.

A LOVELORN YOUTH'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON

O thou bashful moon
Look down. Can you see my fair one
Strolling 'neath the trees
At her summer cottage?
Can you see longings in her face
For him who is far away?
The cow-bell tinkles, the breeze rises
I can't restrain a tear.
Shall I desert?
O for one moment with my darling
But duty urges
I turn upon my bed of brush

I see the sentinel stalk back and forth
O moon will thou hide thy face
Or wilt thou not?
At least wilt thou put out thy candle
That I make up my mind
Yet to desert were dishonor
I think of Washington and others
But marriage was or should be lawful.
Woe to them who weave up rules
Impediments to marriage
In God's or King's name
"Tis better to marry than to burn"
And many others were never
Preceded, preambled or preluded
By "ifs" and "ands,"
Look down, pale moon
I shall apply for leave of absence
If denied their loyalty, their
Honors, their churches
Yes all may go to grass
I shall have my fair one
If we set out for liberty and justice
Liberty and justice we must have
Nor may these be postponed
No weak delays.
Look down pale moon.
Since time began
What changes hast there seen
O'er sister earth.
Thou knowest man in the
Paleolithic age
And knewest him in Adam's age

And that of Tubal Cain
But always knew his near touch
To the abyss of joy
From whence he came
To which he goes
Thou knowest that material progress
Rights and all, depend on
Study, labor, and agitation
If not entirely, to a great extent.
A century back
The parents were the lover's cross
Today 'tis others who butt in.
The lover's creed, his age, his means
His very looks are all in comment.
Look down pale moon
O say that she'll be true
Yes, she will
And when the trouble's over
So happy we will be
We'll dwell alone together
And then we shall be free
We'll talk and laugh together
We'll do it o'er again
For you were always new to me
Like sunshine after rain.

CHRISTMAS

More logs for the old fire place,
Fill it high. Draw the tea
Fair maids, please. Piper twist the drone
Blow, blow and play,
Inhale the gladsome air
While gently elbowing the swanlike bag.
Ye violins respond to bow and hand
Your swelling and receding tones
Of myriad moods, to which the keys are
seven,
Or seven thrice,
From A to G, nor passing pouting F.
Bow us the dormant pleasure.
Ye cornets, trombones,
Ye inspiring drums,
Ye giant violins, surnamed double basses
We greet you all.
Nor would that one be silent,
Ladies and men!
Play of the days gone by
Sadly at first, but firm
Then more cheerful play of triumphs,
Play of love and other things,
Lastly let the reel come
For we long to follow the bent
That music has created.
And dense was the air,
With music and with odours
From the fire, as beautiful ladies
Drew the tea so soon to draw

Us vim and strength
From those fat beefsteaks
And those subtle hot buns
That melting in the mouth
Delight the weary mind,
The supper o'er, while children set the stockings
for Santa Claus
We danced, and the marvel was,
That folks that lived so
Could ever part.
By midnight we sang our farewell
With thoughts of the occasion
And then we left-wheeled
Unchangt in purpos
But strengthent with inner joy.
Ah! Christmas, thou seekest but the hour
Thy time in our cycles around the sun
Thou seekest not the place nor the occasion
But comest where two or more are gathered in
thy name,
Thou hast a beam of joy
For each desire
That striving man despairing oft restrains
And forgetting that the shadow
In the sea at the creation,
Yes, that shadow first of shadows
Was the shadow of the Spirit
Who second is to none.
Who is moving yet today
O'er the toiling of the oceans
O'er the toiling of desires
Tho we often fall away

And in falling seek the gloom
But the spirit, ah! the spirit
Still is there, if we could see it,
And as children we may see it
And 'twill lead us back again,
In repentance for our fall,
'Tis the spirit that has led us
In our patriotic zeal
For the welfare of our country
For our welfare one and all.

THE LADY'S ADDRESS.

My children, hear me now I pray
I'm faded now but had my day
When Johnny traded horse and shay
To buy me presents good and high
We courted months—those months were long
Before we hinted heart and hand
For both were shy and friends were cold.
At last, I named the happy day
That brought us peace
Like dawn of day.
Though wedded long we loved the more
Nor would he wish my youth restore
Whate'er I was that's all he cared
Now children mind your words and mien
Your duty do.
And children mind your every word
'Twere better thought perchance than heard

A secret what? 'tis that no more
As soon as you have talked it o'er
The tree that grows before the door
Has never wandered to carouse
Has never changed it's modes of dress
Has sported flowers but in May
Nor has it now admirers less
It lives along and meets the gales
And fills a place and never quails
Though branches fall and needles fly
It cleaves to earth but cons the sky
Thus shall it live unto the end
Discipline of nature's trend
But man! No! he must must take the spirit
Not always that that prompts to merit
Today the impulse prompts to prayer
Tomorrow prompts a doubtful way
Reason's the king in peace and danger
Reason's verily an angel.
But pass some days in deep reflection
Before you lay your every plan
Then serve your mandate firmly loyal
Long as designed.
A searchlight thru the future gloom
Is reason o'er the wire of love
A light that 'lumines virtue right
Which dazzles failure out of sight
If guidance man presu me to have
Let himself plan
'Twas so ordained.

THE OLD MAN'S ADDRESS

Good youth take heed of politics
The craft is hard
Lay not your former self aside
Nor its rewards.
Say your say, poll your vote
For the best cause
And, if chosen Candidate, promise
What you wish to be promised you;
But mind your calling
Be it office, school or farm,
Lean not on politics
Lest you come to grief and poverty
Suspected of hidden wealth
Looted from where 'twas seldom found
On the bare lap of politics.
The craft is hard
Hard to understand
Hard to proclaim aright
If you uphold the nation well
Perhaps it's at your expense
Your labors must be forfeited
By statutes. Otherwise forgetful man
Will soon ignore your labors
And shall regard Prosperity
As a lady sweet, due to their own
Labors and to Fate
Then shall they oust you out of doors
As many have been cast before.
Just name your man
You say it out, now say it in

And see that it's marked.
The air of Canada is pure
Like the east breeze o'er the Atlantic
Who breathes it lives for Freedom
Let useless humility
And cursed subordination
Be no more
'Tis no virtue to withstand
With patience
'Tis no philosophy to ape
The outward forms that made
For merit or success.
Fell cravens are they
Who think it virtue
To refrain from strong dashes
And deeds, but hoping that
Others will risk their grasp on Heaven
To force the right along,
For merit or success
We must study, we must strive
And if repeating history
Accords an incident
For our help
Let us apply that experience
Of a thousand years
But let us never
Run around
With the experience of a thousand years
Seeking pretexts to apply it
For the sake of show or praise,
Wait and let the need demand.

atlantic
om

With the fox deal with the fox
Tit for tat, Roland for Oliver
If tricks begin trip them under
Concilate with no man
Away ye long faced politicians
Who add useless wheels
To the Government mills
We need the grants
But multiply not officials
Into a separate congregation.
A dangerous weight
Destroys Democracy.

heaven

Our birthright
If one should set a foot on the moon
Does he own the moon?
Of if one may own it
May he not own it?
Is there ownership there?
Or does he own more than he brought there?
Yes we own what we claim
Nor shall release it.
Nor shall lines of navies
That profess to ward off
Dangers ever to be born
Or borne
Make us rest the head
Or are those dreaded guns
That sing to the sea
Intended to scowl at us.
The dread of war most useless is
But preparation's not amiss.

He ceased 'mid keen applause
While the moonlight o'er the fleecy trees
Awaits the motion of the leaves
To light the grassy hills beneath
With spots impatient, mild, and silent
That seem to bubble from below
Wh' 'veering, changing, ceasing, dawning
'Mong shoals of shadows deeply darker
Their partners in the chase of changes.

A DEATH.

He is gone.
We shall weep. We ease our minds
By opening the throttle
That supresses our feelings
There he lies.
Ah! comrade why did you die
But, 'twas not thy will
Thou would'st have stayed
But your work was done
Can it be that you are truly dead
Or is it a dream?
Alas! hour follows hour
Realities are rife and you are dead
How shall we mourn for you
One thought says he is happy
This is no mournful case
Another says "Judge not"
A third says, At least you've lost a friend
[50]

Withal grief and Godly fears
Distract the mind
How long should man bewail his friend
Of if subject to time
When should it begin to end
If cheerfulness be medicine to living man
Shall we refuse comfort and die too
Or shall we cling to moderation
But does the Child of Moderation
E'er rise above mediocrity
Yes, friend whate'er betide
We shall mourn
Consolations will heal the gap
Nothing is impossible from Above
We too may die
We should ne'er forget our comrade
Nor shall mirth abound
With wont display
Until its advent be no dishonor
To thy bed.

A LADY.

Fair Lady, my thoughts are all on thee
And thoughts of contradictions
A moment I rejoice that I have met thee
Again I rue the moment. Not that thou
Wert ever cold to me; but feelings that
Cannot be described beset me
But a touch of the gentle hand

A knowing glance is medicine
But a narcotic in this much
That I yearn again to meet thee
Though I often falter at thy doorstep
I have been frugal and now I'm wealthy
But is wealth sufficient?
Is it equal to your charms that so entrance
Annie thou 'rt a beauty
To seek thee is a duty
Imposed by the taste
The poor are thy debtors
And the rich are in fetters
Neither claim to be better
Nor best. But in haste
They proclaim
Their disdain
Of the people who will quarrel
Out of prejudice to caste. They shall carol
Rhymes and lays when the day
Is in the west, till the moon in her array
Is at her best.
Thus sweet Annie smoothes the pillow
Of a thousand lads of promise
Though she's lonely 'neath the aspens
Of her cottage by the stream
For every youth that sees her
Is not Octavius Caesar
And Cleopatra's charms

Note:—Octavius Caesar's mind could not be
changed by a woman.

They say did good and harm
Not so the charms of Annie
Though surely they were many.
Nor was she dearth of lovers
Who oft around did hover
As bees that seek for honey
As misers yearn for money
A look from her was pleasure
The smiles and word were treasures
That would a bankrupt heal.

But Annie was so lowly
So dutiful so lowly
The gossips got no word
In forboding all a rest

There was one I shall portray
Though he lived some miles away
Was the favoured of them all
When they met before the wall
Then the fallals that they wore
'Neath two trees that formed a doorway
Gave an added beauty true
To the one and to the two
What with roses and with flowers
As they passed the golden hours
'Twas a picture that a bard
Would have reckoned very hard
She sings:—

(Tune, Annie L.)

The moon displays so bonny
The glades rejoice serene

The aspen, fir and holly
Adorn the restful scene.
The birds have ceased the lay
That eased my cares by day
But now my thoughts are Johnny
He comes each night to me.

The sailor loves the compass
That guides his bark along
The soldier loves the rifle
That aids both truth and song.
But not a love have I
If Johnny's self be nigh
My true, my faithful Johnny
He comes each night to me.

Ye seargeants, why delay him?
A pass, O why deny?
He'll reach you by reveille
Or by his side I die.
O morn delay thy speed
Art thou and wars agreed
To wile away my Johnny
He comes each night to me.

The past is getting dreamy,
The future, I can't see;
'Tis me that's all, believe me,
But still I'll wait a wee.
The breezes rise and fall,
Their echoes warble all
With boding thoughts of Johnny
He comes each night to me.

Here comes my lovely Johnny
And says 'twill soon be done
And peace is brought by triumphs
Our General great has won.
He vanquished all our foes
And now my joy o'erflows
Each day and hour with Johnny
He comes each night to me.

The white flag gleams a league
And lo! the guns
We hear the bugle pealing forth
Their cavalry are by a brook
That foams along a ridge
And twenty cannon peer
From the borders of a forest
We were ordered in echelon
And we met the first we sought
While the rest kept on
And we spent the livelong day
Giving fire
Waiting fire
Sure that comrades dear before us
Safely were.
Sure their rights were all respected
Prompt and fair.
And the god of battles judged us
To have kept the way
And the shades of Freedom voiced them
To have won the day,
Then hurrah! for William Young
Gift of the heather

We tread the earth if we wish
Light as a feather,
And our marshal urged a treaty
That was good for friend or foe
For it stipulated clearly
That oppression be no more
That election must be honest
That abuse and crafty measures
Must not ever more be used,
Neither shall we brook compulsion
To maintain a creed or cause
Nor shall public chest be opened
For the welding of a party
But shall open for the people
When the country's needs require,
And if Wisdom, sage accountant,
In her Ledger of the movements,
Recognize that opposition
Contra like, perfects the matter
Till it gravitate to balance;
Then let Power and Opposition
Then let credit strong and debit
Then let both be clear and honest
Let them be for one and all.
Oft we're told that our's the country
Ours the land where wealth abounds
Forests mines and fertile farms
Everything thing the heart desires.
What avails it if we must not
Touch a leased or granted claim
What avails it if no railways
Lie to bear the load away.

THE LAST NIGHT.

Our name has scaled the tower of fame
But this was not our studied game
It was for Liberty we stood
And King and Country judge us good
How victory differs from defeat
As bitter roots from apples sweet
When victory crowns the world applauds
When failure comes there's naught but God
Prince Charlie lost his mighty name
Though weaker arms were all to blame.
Prince Charlie's prestige's at Culloden
King James' last will—the Field of Flodden'
Were they victorious many ages
Would vie in vaunting them as sages,
First Washington was but a rebel
Today he's like another Abel
While George the Third is King or Cain
According as our Fortune reigns
But now we'll have a cheerful night
Away with bygones and with fight
Here come the ladies richly dressed
Here come they, good, yes, better, best,
We sing a song till echoes ring
Till Fancy soars and joy be King.

The following three songs also by the author,
James D. Gillis, are here appended:

BONNY BIRDIE.

(Tune:—Dainty Davie.)

Meet me 'tween the byways twa
Bonny Birdie, charming Birdie
I'll be there whate'er befall
By own, my dear, my Birdie.

A maid who dwells on yonder hill
Is certain cure for all my ills
And sure, I never lover until
I met my charming Birdie.

She's barely yet apast her teens
If folks may judge by looks and mien
But 'mong our belles she's just a queen,
My own dear youthful Birdie.

Her mouth is tinted red's a rose
Her face with warm affection glows,—
I prize the morn that first I chose
The road that leads to Birdie.

Her toilet's in the height of taste
Despite domestic cares and haste;
And O to span that artless waist—
The tempting waist of Birdie.

Her voice is music to my ear,
At eventide the gloaming near,
And what care I who may appear
So constant is my Birdie.

When I am nestled by her side,
How fond I wish she were my bride!
She's O so sweet whate'er betide—
I'd die without my Birdie.

To me she's all the earth and more
In her I sight the future shore
Today I love as ne'er before
The Pow'rs that gave my Birdie.

The subject of the foregoing was Mary
Jessie Ann Dunbar (better known as Birdie
Dunbar). Both she and Mr. Gillis were youth-
ful at that time. The scene is Lake Ainslie.

RUTH ANNIE.

(Pronounce like Rose Annie. Tune:—Annie Laurie.)

'Mong Scotsville lawns so spicy
How nice to roam at ease,
And mingle with the fairest
That warble 'neath the trees;
But arbor joys are vain,
And so shall aye remain
Compared with sweet Ruth Annie,—
She's life or death to me.

Attired in Eaton's latest
She's just a sight to view;
Her sprightly step is music,
And art attained by few
Her talk is light and free,
And healthful as the breeze
That roams the broad Atlantic,—
She's life or death to me.

O famed Canadian beauties,
How oft I think upon
The fact that you're the fairest
Of beauties wooed and won.
Then O how fine to see
That all in candour free
Proclaim you best, Ruth Annie!—
You're life or death to me.

For years you've been my study,—
 I labor but to earn
 A moment with Ruth Annie
 Among yon shaded ferns.
 Then fairest maid my glee
 Is perfect joy with thee,—
 O there I see Ruth Annie,—
 She's life or death to me.

The subject of the foregoing was Ruth Annie McPhail of Scotsville. She is one of an excellent family. A sister, Mary Ann, died in the United States some years ago. She too was an estimable lady.

MISS MCKAY.

(Tune—Sweet Marie.)

I regret to see you go, Miss McKay;
Other hearts are sad I know, Miss McKay;
But we must be all resigned,
Lest our patience fall behind;
Yet, we'll miss your face so kind, Miss McKay.

Miss McKay, can't you stay, Miss McKay,
O my heart is sad today, Miss McKay;
For your voice it was so kind
That with grief I'm almost blind
To reflect I'm left behind, Miss McKay.

But our loss is Boston's gain, Miss McKay;
You will lead in beauty's train, Miss McKay;
Uncle Sam will sing your praise—
Sing your merits and your ways,
Till you find that virtue pays, Miss McKay.

Sweet the day that first we met, Miss McKay!
'Tis a day I shan't forget, Miss McKay,
At a picnic at the lake,
Where the poet's gift awakes,
There your face my heart did take, Miss McKay.

Many a happy day we've been, Miss McKay,
Side by side like King and Queen, Miss McKay,
Can I trust that future years

Other equal types of cheer
Shall present us O so near, Miss McKay.

Now farewell a long farewell, Miss McKay,
That I'm sad I need not tell, Miss McKay,
While at heart my sorrow burns
As is wont of him who mourns
May I trust that you'll return, Miss McKay.

The subject of the foregoing was Christy Ann MacKay, of Scotsville, later Mrs. Duncan MacMillan. She was beautiful and talented. Two brothers served in the Cuban campaign. A brother, John, was a good scholar and an excellent reader.

